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LYRICS OF LATE LOVE

BY ELEANOUR NORTON

I

BELOVED, hush. . . .

Here's music softer than Apollo's lyre!
For now repeats the liquid-noted thrush
Those small, delicious, chordless harmonies
That tremble through the trees,
And break against the bosom of the briar;
O thou, Embodied Rapture, sing again
That rounded rhapsody, so rich in pure desire,
And yet, by love, redeemèd from all pain!

II

I did not know the heart could hold
A pain so dear, a joy so deep,
That all the past could fall to sleep
And life become a blaze of gold!

I did not know a touch could send
Such sudden glory through the soul,
That Heav'n and Earth becomes a whole,
And Love a wonder--without end.

I did not know the twilight-hour
Was hung with balm, was paved with bliss,
Because one mouth's imperious flower
Slow shaped, and trembled to a kiss.

III

Hush thou thy music, Nightingale,
Sing not again.
For she who loved your songs is dead,
For one belovèd heart hath fled
Its earthly pain.
Go, lull the waves, enchant the rose
With melody;
Go, sing to those who may not know
The weight of an immortal woe
—But not to me.

IV

Because I watched, through frozen tears,
The One Belovèd die,
I shrink before the unborn years,
The scents of sea and sky.

For all the visions of the night
When we are most alone,
Of rapture that we have not felt,
Of joys we have not known;

And all the dreams of Love's delight
And Love's divine distress
Fade not within the heart that clasps
Eternal loneliness.

ELEANOUR NORTON.